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WISHT I COULD.

Wisht I could go back, a little while, 'n be a boy agin,
A-jerkin' o' the minners with a little crooked pin;
'N hear the frogs a-gruntin' as I git 'em on the jump,
'N me skeered wussner'n they was, when they hit the water plump.

Wisht I could go loafin', crost the medder smellin' sweet,
'N feel the sassy daises a-ticklin' o' my feet,
All the while a-noddin' an' a-smellin' up at me—
Wisht I could go back 'n be like I uster be.

Wisht I could go t'morrer, 'n find 'em all the same
As they was the day I lef' t' make a bigger name;
'N see dear old mother—always skeery—at the gate,
Like she uster wait fer me, whenever I was late.

Wisht I could look in Heaven 'n see her there t'day,
'N git a tender smile o' love, like when I went away;
I feel like it ud help me to battle here with sin—
Wisht I could go back a little while, 'n be a boy agin.

—Atlanta Constitution.

ARTIFICIAL APPLIANCES.

Stories of a Glass Eye and a Mechanical Hand.

Perhaps the talk began with the Sunday papers. Because at breakfast on Sundays the girls of the family were apt to divide the big sheets up and sit reading out scraps to each other, while their coffee grew cold in the cups. It was a bad habit. It made breakfast drag on to an interminable length, causing the maid below stairs to be behind with her work all day and the maidens above stairs to be late to church.

Well, the girls were reading out bits to each other. Mame had just contributed a thrilling one about the last footpad, who choked a woman and ran down the alley with her purse and her rings.

"I wouldn't mind anyone snatching my purse," said Imogene, "because I carry most of my money tucked inside my dress waist, and—"

"And make an embarrassing spectacle of yourself when you have to get it out in a hurry," interrupted Mame, very rudely. Mame had been shopping with Imogene for the trousseau. She said she nearly blushed herself to death. And she said that clerks who couldn't control their risibles ought not to be allowed to wait on ladies.

"Queer things happen in town," murmured Cousin Jane, who was only staying with them over Sunday. "Did I ever tell you of my adventure in the carette? No? Well, that was the queerest thing. My husband and his youngest brother, Fred, and I were going up to Lincoln park in it. They were talking to each other about stocks, and futures, and things, and I wasn't paying much attention to them or anything else when suddenly a man at the other end of the carette began smiling and winking at me in a disgustingly elaborate fashion. Girls, I declare I did not know the man was there. I may have been staring at him absently, but I had done nothing intentionally to attract his attention. He was just the kind of man who might insult a woman alone. Big fellow with a big braided coat, big red tie, tremendous black mustache—the kind of mustache you can see behind a man's back—and a bold, vacant-looking black eye. But I wasn't alone. The carette was full of people and there were those two strapping fellows of my own close at hand. Well, of course I looked away and made as if I hadn't noticed anything. By and by I stole a look at him. I declare, he was doing the same thing! One eye shut, the other open and fixed on me, his mouth, under a horrid dyed mustache, parted in a silly smile. I turned sharply away and looked out of the window for a long, long time. A lot of people got out at Bellevue place and more at Division street. I thought maybe my unwelcome admirer had gone by this time, and I just glanced over at the corner near the horses long enough to catch his impudent stare. I know I blushed scarlet. I hoped Jim and Fred wouldn't see, they are both so quick tempered. Other people began to notice. Several of them glanced from me to the man and smiled and nudged each other. It was odd the way he persisted and yet didn't do anything more than stare. I was beginning to wish he would, so I could rebuff him.

"At Schiller street the only other person in the carette got out. It was a lady with the biggest pair of sleeves I've seen yet.

"'Schiller street already,' remarked my husband. 'Hello! What's that in the corner?'

"The lady with the sleeves caught my eye as she passed and began to laugh most unkindly, I thought. 'Hush, dear,' I said; 'he has been staring at me in that ridiculous way ever since he started.'

"'He has, has he? I'll punch his head,' growled Jim. The man never moved a muscle. Well, I began to laugh. I think I was getting hysterical. And Jim laughed too, rather unwillingly. And Fred joined in. You know Fred will laugh at anything. The conductor on the doorstep seemed to think something was awfully funny and the driver tried to find out the joke through the window. Would you believe it, the man never stirred. We drew up at North avenue with the awful lurch the carette gives when it stops. 'All out! Far as we go!' called the conductor.

"And then, girls—and then—the man in the corner woke up and opened both his eyes! He had just been dozing, with his mouth half open, and he had a glass eye, and when he shut his eyes the lid caught somehow on the false one and stayed up. My dear, we just roared. We couldn't help it. The driver and conductor shouted and yelled. And the poor man was so shame-faced and so angry. I think he would have liked to punch everyone's head."

"Did you ever!" "How perfectly absurd!" and so on.

Presently from Imogene: "What kind of sleeves did she have, Jane—velvet?"

"No, corded silk."

"I ask because I've just had new sleeves put in my black satin dinner gown—the loveliest things, changeable velvet, apple, green and pink. They make me look about three feet across the shoulders Wix put them in for me, and, do you know, those wretched sleeves cost me twenty-five dollars. Oh, I couldn't dispute his bill. Three and a half yards of velvet at five dollars a yard, and making, and lining and a bit of ermine at the wrists. But I call it sinful—twenty-five dollars for a pair of sleeves!"

"About what a whole gown costs me," said Adele.

"But you make your own, you clever creature. And so shall I when I am married."

"Not while Frank Danton can afford to buy you such diamonds as your engagement ring."

"Isn't it a beauty! Frank likes it, too. He kisses it every time he sees it."

"The diamond or the fingers? You have the prettiest hands I ever saw, Imogene."

"They do look nice, don't they?" said that young woman, conceitedly contemplating ten pink-and-white fingers. "I always have them manicured Saturday afternoons. The very prettiest hand I ever saw was a man's we met last summer at Geneva Lake. Jane's story reminded me of him. The Townsends brought him down for one of the hops at the hotel. He was real nice looking, talked well, and, we were told, danced well. So you may imagine how welcome he was. Men, particularly dancing men, are so scarce in summer hotels. Why, you met him, too, Mame."

"Yes, I met him, and that was about all. Imogene was very busy driving Frank Danton wild with jealousy just then, so she took possession of the newcomer, and no one else had a chance."

"Story-teller!" cried Imogene, making a ball of her paper and flinging it at Mame. "No such thing, Cousin Jane. And, besides, I was well punished for it. And Mame, you ingrate, didn't I give you the first dance with him?"

"Yes, to feel the way and report to you about his hand. Let me tell you, Cousin Jane—"

"No, let me. You see, old Mrs. Townsend presented him to me with such a flourish of wanting me to be cordial that I shook hands with him, which I seldom do on an introduction. He pulled his right-hand glove off to do it—I hate a man who wears gloves in summer, don't you?—and he had the most beautifully-shaped hand I ever saw, as white and soft as my own. He didn't take off the other glove. By and by, when he went into the dining-room, he still had it on, and our table was too far from the Townsends for one to see whether he took it off to eat or not. Well, afterward I dressed for the hop rather early. As I came downstairs I heard the notes of a piano. 'Who's that playing?' I asked little Bella Atkins. That odious child was always hanging about the parlors watching everything that went on and always repeating it to the last one she ought. Why, once she told Frank that I—well, I'll tell you about that some other time. So she said that it was the new man that sat at the Townsends' table. No one was playing when I entered the room. There were several people there. The new man was nearest to the piano, but it seemed to me very strange that he should play it with one hand gloved. However, it would be still queerer if he should play it with one hand artificial."

"I have known of such things. Did you ever see Courtenay Thorpe in 'A Pantomime Rehearsal?'

"Yes; but you don't tell me that he—why, how queer! Well, anyhow, this man asked me if he might not take a little turn on the plazza with me. Frank was there, looking black as a thundercloud, so, of course, I said yes. Well, we walked to and fro, and fro and to. He gave me one arm, of course, and with the other he kept putting aside the vine branches that grow so thick and get in your way. The moonlight came through them, and he talked beautifully, and several times I saw Frank's head at the door looking after me. I was having a lovely time."

"Here's where I come on the scene, Cousin Jane," put in Mame. "Dancing was beginning, and I thought it was time this was stopped. They looked as if they were having a lovely lime, and I was rather relieved to hear Imogene say: 'Not the first; I have promised that to Mr. Dalton. But I shall be pleased to introduce you to my sister, and, if I do say it, she is the best dancer in the place.'"

"You see," put in Imogene, "I was uneasy about that hand."

"It was lucky he had no time to reply. I was right there, you know, and she introduced him and he just had to ask me to dance. Cousin Jane, his worst enemies couldn't criticise his dancing.

"He was an inspiration. When we get to Heaven I hope the angels will dance like that—"

"Oh, Mame! Sunday, too."

"Well, I don't care—but, oh, Cousin Jane! His hand! his hand! the one that went round your waist, was all right. But the one that held yours—I could have screamed when I touched it—stiff and cold! Wood, you know, just as we thought, or composition, or whatever they make them of. And he had some fiendish way of working it with a spring. Click! it went, and shut up on you like a trap. Oh, it was awful! I was frightened to death, but I couldn't pull mine out till he chose to open the horrid thing. I didn't like to say anything, so we danced and danced till the music stopped. Then he worked his mechanism to let go of me, and complimented me on my step and asked for another dance. I said I was engaged for all but the nineteenth. So then he went for Imogene. I made up my mind not to warn her."

"But I had been watching them, Cousin Jane, and I guessed something from Mame's face. I said to myself, that is an artificial hand. He can't feel whether he is holding anything or not. So I just put mine down on the back of his, talking all the while. And, you know, he never looked. He just clicked his trap and went sailing about the room with me perfectly satisfied. He was a splendid dancer, but I must say I liked better being with Frank. He can't keep step with anyone, but he does hold your hand nicely."

"You have given him plenty of practice, dear."

"Girls, are any of you ready for church?" some one shouted from the next room. "Here's Dalton come to take Imogene. The chimes are ringing."

"Oh! mercy me—yes, Frank, I—I'm all ready. I have only to change my dress and my shoes and put my things on"—and Imogene's voice died away in the distance.—Chicago Times.

What Made It Different.

He was angry when he strode into the city editor's room and exclaimed:

"See here! I've got something that ought to be written up. It's an outrage, sir, an outrage! The authorities have given a gang of young hoodlums a permit to play football on Sundays on some grounds near my house."

"Why, a week ago," said the city editor, pleasantly, "you were in favor of giving the boys an opportunity to play Sundays."

"I was?"

"You wrote a long letter to the editor saying that Sunday was the only chance they had to get any exercise, and that the people who objected to their sport were bigots."

"Are these the same boys?"

"Same athletic association."

"Sure?"

"Certain."

"But that was last week?"

"Yes."

"And this is this week?"

"Yes."

"Well, now they want to play near my house, and I object, sir; I object! I won't have it!"—Chicago Post.

Wanted a Variety of Them.

Mrs. Newrich (irate)—I've a good mind to sue you for your work on that last order to engrave my silverware.

The Designer and Engraver—What is the trouble, madam?

Mrs. Newrich—Trouble! Why, I told you not to spare any pains to make it the swellest job you knew how, and here you've put just the same coat-of-arms on every piece!—Chicago Record.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Scholars attending the New York public schools have formed an anti-cigarette-smoking league.

—That female teachers are driving males out of the profession is shown by the report of the school superintendent of Iowa.

—Two sons of Japan, who were sent to Chicago to represent the Japanese government at the World's Columbian exposition, have been converted to Christianity.

—Hawaii was pagan in 1820 and Christian in 1870. Seventeen thousand were baptized by the veteran missionary, Dr. Titus Coan—5,000 of them in one year and 1,700 in one day.

—The department of the Salvation Army's Darkest England scheme, known as the "bridge," a bureau for helping discharged prisoners, reports failure in scarcely 7 per cent. of the convicts received.

—Siddhu and Jinda Ram, two Hindoos, have arrived in St. Louis to begin the work of converting the city to the tenets of the Arya Somaj. A few Sundays ago Emin L. Nabokoff sounded the Mussulman call to prayer in Union square, New York.

—The Buddhists of Japan ar reenewing their fight against Christianity; are organizing "salvation armies" and "moral" associations; buying up timber so that churches can not be built; seeking to persuade hotel keepers not to lodge Christians; and in some cases they are resorting to force, destroying chapels and other buildings.

—St. Paul's is the metropolitan church of London, and the third cathedral dedicated to that saint, built upon very nearly the same site as its predecessors. The first church was founded, according to Bede, about A. D. 610, by Ethelbert, king of Kent, but destroyed by fire in 1087. The second church, "Old St. Paul's," was destroyed in the great fire, 1666. The corner stone of the present building was laid June 21, 1675.

—The Harvard annex for women is hereafter to be known as Radcliffe college, by which name it has been officially recognized by Harvard's overseers. It is to be a part of the university, and the Harvard seal will be attached to the diplomas it gives. The name is in honor of Anne Radcliffe, of England, afterward Lady Moulton, who, in 1643, gave to Harvard £100, the first pecuniary gift to the university that any woman had ever made.

—The Waldensian church is peculiar in this: it is practically two churches, though nominally one. The one is the Church of the Valleys, the original church among the mountains, where the blood of the martyrs flowed so freely, and the other is the mission field, the rest of the kingdom of Italy, in which the mission churches are. The remarkable fact is that the ordained pastors in the mission churches outside the valleys are more than thrice as numerous as those within them. The mission part is becoming the great body of the church. A corresponding change of organization is about to be made.—United Presbyterian.

ANTS BIGGER THAN FOXES.

Pliny Could Discount Ananias in the Art of Drawing the Long Bow.

Pliny, that rare old gossiper, tells, among other extraordinay stories, that of the Bactrian method of obtaining gold. The sandy deserts of Bactria in the days of that historian were, so the old man says, literally swarming with ants "slightly bigger than foxes." These gigantic representatives of the genus homenoptera burrowed deeply into the sandy wastes, their tunnels and galleries often being hundreds of feet in extent. The earth removed from these burrows was always carried to the out side and thrown up in hills (remember Pliny says this) "of a bigness exceeding that of a palace." This debris—sand, earth, etc.—was soon found to be wonderfully rich in small nuggets of gold. The danger from the ants was greater, however, than that from the Indians in the early days of gold digging in the western United States, and many stories are told of men who were literally devoured in a few moments by the fierce owners of some disturbed burrow. Some observing old hunter at last discovered that the giant ants slept during the hottest hours of the day. After that the seekers after the yellow metal only made their incursions at the proper time, and then they only stayed long enough in the deserts to fill their sacks with the golden sand, which they took home to sift at leisure. With all this precaution the ants often "swiftly pursued the fleetest horses, and it was only by using various stratagems that the invaders managed to escape alive."—Chicago Tribune.